

Sup

FRED. SHAW'S
DIME

A M E R I C A N
COMIC SONGSTER

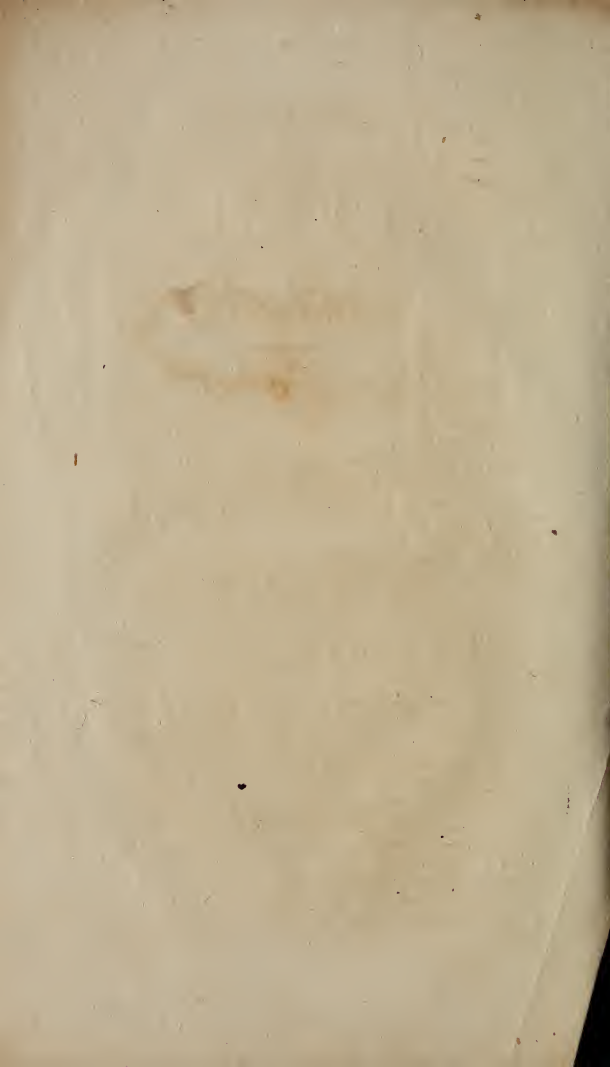
CONTAINING A SELECTION OF COMIC
SONGS, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

F R E D. S H A W ,
THE UNRIVALLED AMERICAN COMIC
V O C A L I S T .

WHOSE POPULARITY THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES HAS PROCLAIMED
HIM AN

UNIVERSAL FAVORITE.

New-York :
F R E D E R I C A . B R A D Y ,
(SUCCESSOR TO H. LONG AND BRO.)
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To the Public :

IN bringing this Publication before you for your perusal, I would state that it has been my endeavor to give you something new and original. The Comic Songs that for years have been published in our city, are either so old that the public won't have them, or so vulgar that they cannot introduce them into their families. This book contains a list of songs, most of which were composed by me, and sung by no other person except myself. These songs can be sung in any party of ladies, without bringing the blush to the cheek ; they are free from vulgarity, but full of mirth. In compiling this book for the amusement of those who like to hear a good comic song, I would say, that the *Airs* are all named under each song, and although not the original *airs*, yet I adapted the tunes so that the public might the easier catch them. My task is done : and how I will be rewarded is yet to be ascertained. But one thing is to be understood—whether this book meets with the approbation or condemnation of the public—I am alone responsible. Those songs that are my own composition bear my name underneath as the composer, nor do I wish to hide it with any fictitious title. That my endeavors to please may meet the generous approval of an ever-generous public,

I remain

Yours truly,

FRED. SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

Memoir.

FREDERICK T. SHAW, better known throughout the United States as "FRED SHAW," was born in 1833, and is the eldest son of MRS. T. S. HAMB-LIN, [late Mrs. Shaw.] the great tragic Actress. He was educated in *Newton Centre*, Massachusetts, and at an early age he evinced a love for the stage; so much so, that at the age of six years, he performed at one of our large Theatres the part of PRINCE ARTHUR, to his mother's LADY CONSTANCE, in the Tragedy of KING JOHN! In this part he made a decided hit, and at the end of the piece was loudly called for; after that he made his appearance a few times in the same character, till growth caused him to drop it on account of his size; he went to New England to be educated. He completed his education in 1847, when being rather unhealthy his friends advised him to go to sea. Taking their advice he entered the Navy of the UNITED STATES, where he served a period, when he returned home, recruited in health and strength. Shortly after that, he made his first appearance in Williamsburg, under the management of Jas. Pilgrim, Esq., as the Charcoal Burner, in the drama of that name. Here he met a decided success; he has followed the *Theatrical Profession* till lately, when the Concert Business took the lead. He first made his appearance as a "Comic Vocalist" at the "Newark Theatre," under the management of W. Henderson, Esq. : here success again crowned his

efforts, and gained for him fresh laurels. When the "Melodeon," No. 257 Bowery, was opened under the management of Geo. Lea, Esq., Mr. SHAW was engaged as one of the company. Here he had to labor against very great odds : *Billy Jacobs* and *Jim Riley*, then the two greatest Comic Singers of the day, were engaged at the same Establishment, and had made themselves tremendous favorites. Mr. SHAW was a perfect stranger to the New York Public at this time ; (that is as a Comic Singer). But his never-dying energy never forsook him. To sing the old songs that he had been singing would be but a small competition, against these already well-known performers, He knew that the odds were heavy, and something must be done. About this period, the "*Nicaragua fever*" was at its height, and Mr. SHAW took the advantage of it ; he immediately produced the two songs of "I'm off for," and "I've been to Nicaragua." These two compositions brought him into notice, and were received each night by deafening exclamations of applause. He managed to keep *new* songs before the public, and by that means established himself as one of the greatest *Favorites* New York ever produced. Perhaps, no person in the Profession has ever sang so many new songs in so short a space of time as Mr. SHAW. Mr. SHAW is only twenty-five years of age, and owns the United States as his birth-place. For a man so young in years, perhaps there is no one person who has had the trouble to contend against that he has ; his love for the country he claims as his birth-place, has often caused *those* to turn their backs on him who ought to have loved and respected him. But that independence which is always a credit to every American, was SHAW's chief support in the days of adversity. No matter how bad "times" were with him, he never allowed his spirits to

droop : the thought "that there are good times coming" always kept him in a cheerful state of mind. At last the good times did come, and placed him in the position he now holds : which is, the greatest "ORIGINAL COMIC SINGER" in the Union ; and we know of no person worthier to wear the laurels, than FRED. SHAW. He has worked hard to obtain the high position he now commands. As an American he sought it—as an American he obtained it—and as an American he will maintain it.

AMERICAN COMIC SONGSTER.

I'm off for Nicaragua!

An original comic song, composed and sung by
FRED SHAW, the American Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Paddy's Wedding.

I.

Have you heard the way,
That's out to-day,
To better your Condition O ;
Those who delight in,
Blood and fighting,
Join Walker's Expedition O—
There you can have all you can steal,
Without the chance of getting a meal,
Your names will live in books of story,
And you can live on Martial Glory.

Chorus: Then come along,
And join the throng,
For victory and Walker, O ;
Like a soldier gay,
I'll march away,
For "I'm off for Nicaragua O."

II.

Oh, they tell me here,
When I get there,
That I shall have lots of good clothes :
Shoes for my feet,
And enough to eat,
And a good bed for to repose.
And if I should be taken ill,
I'm placed under a Surgeon's skill,
Of his being good, oh ! I'm very sure,
For he's warranted "to kill or cure."

Chorus : Then come along, &c.

III.

Then with a will,
I'll rob and kill,
All who do before me stand ;
Off young and old,
I'll take their gold,
Besides all their cattle and land.
If I should meet a girl that's pretty,
With lots of Cash, and very witty,
I'll leave my soldier single life,
And make that little girl my wife.

Chorus : Then come along, &c.

IV.

Then my Captain brave,
His life I'll save,
When in danger he does stand ;
Then I'll get noted,
And be promoted,
Unto a Captain's command.
If any one beneath my command,
Against my authority should stand,
I'll try him by Court Martial for his pains,
Then order him out, to lose his brains.

Chorus : Then come along, &c.

V.

When the Battle's over,
We'll live in clover,
And the din of war shall cease;
With my little wife,
Lead a happy life,
In love, happiness, and peace.
And then perhaps to crown my joy,
She presents me with a little boy,
Who, when he's grown a little larger,
Will learn to shout for Nicaragua!

Chorus: Then come along, &c.

I've been to Nicaragua.

A comic song composed and sung by FRED SHAW

AIR. Matrimonial Sweets.

I.

One day while walking down Broadway,
What should I meet,
Coming up the street,
But a soldier gay,
In grand array,
Who had been to Nicaragua;
He took me warmly by the hand,
And says "old fellow" you're my man,
How would you like,
A soldier's life,
On the plains of Nicaragua?
Then come with me down to the ship,
I'll quickly send you, on your trip,
Don't stop to think, for there's meat and drink,
On the plains of Nicaragua.

II.

I scarcely knew what to do or say,
No money I had,
My boots was bad;

Hat was gone,
My pants were torn,
So I was off for Nicaragua;
He took me in, and did me treat,
Gave me a cigar, and grub to eat,
And on his scroll, did my name enrol,
A soldier for Nicaragua.
He took me down unto the ship,
Quickly sent me on my trip,
But, oh! lord, wasn't I sea-sick,
Going to Nicaragua.

III.

But after ten days of sailing away,
We saw the land, of San Juan,
Heart beat light,
For I thought it all right,
When I got to Nicaragua;
But when they got me on the shore,
They put me with about twenty more,
To fight away,
Or be hanged they say,
For going to Nicaragua.
Oh, wasn't I in a pretty fix,
If I could only have cut my sticks,
You'd never caught me playing such tricks,
As going to Nicaragua.

IV.

Next morning then in grand array,
All fagged and jaded,
We were paraded;
At close of day,
We were marched away,
To the Army in Nicaragua.
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
And dinner was the same to me,
Two fried cats,
And three stewed rats,
Were supper in Nicaragua.
Marching all day with sore feet,
Plenty of fighting and nothing to eat,
How I sighed for pickled pigs' feet,
Way down in Nicaragua.

V.

The Costa-Ricans tackled us one day,
In the first alarm,
I lost my arm,
But we made them yield,
On Rivas field,
Way down in Nicaragua ;
The Yankee boys fought long and well,
They gave those Costa Ricans fits,
But wasn't I dry,
And hun-ge-ry,
Way down in Nicaragua.
Narching all day, and fighting away,
Nothing to eat, quite as much pay,
Do it all for glory they say,
Way down in Nicaragua.

VI.

But when I was on duty one day
Give 'em the slip,
Jumped on the ship,
And bid good bye,
Forever, and Aye,
To the plains of Nicaragua.
And when I got to old New York,
I filled myself with Beans and Pork ;
My friends I cheer, and in Lager Beer,
Drown times in Nicaragua.
And now I tread Columbia's land,
Take my friends all by the hand,
And if ever I leave 'em may I be—blessed,
To go to Nicaragua.

Miller's Song.

As sung by FRED SHAW.

I.

Oh, don't you remember Lilly dear,
The mill by the old brook-side,

Where oft we went in summer time,
 To view the rippling tide ;
 And the Miller with his slouchy hat,
 And his eyes of mildest grey,
 Plodding along in his dirty work,
 And singing the live long day.

Chorus : Ulea, Ulea, Ulea,
 Singing the Miller's song ; [Repeat.

II.

Oh, Lilly, the mill is torn away,
 And a factory dark and drear,
 Raises it's smoke, o'er the clear blue sky,
 And dims the atmosphere ;
 The only time for pleasure now,
 Is the Sabbath all day long,
 And what brings back the olden time,
 Is the good old, Miller's song.

Chorus : Ulea, Ulea, Ulea, &c.

III.

Oh, Lilly, the Miller's dead and gone,
 In the old Church-yard he's laid,
 And the poor old dog that used to growl,
 As round the mill we played ;
 He followed in the funeral train,
 As the village round did throng,
 He died upon his master's grave,
 As they sang the Miller's song.

Chorus : Ulea, Ulea, Ulea, &c.

Nelly's Song.

A Parody on the MILLER'S SONG.

Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

I.

Oh, don't you remember Nelly dear,
 The gal, with the light red hair,

Whose squeaking voice you'd always hear,
When she sung her well-known air ;
'Twas early on a Friday morn,
Could be seen this Nelly dear,
And from the welcome blast of her old fish-horn,
Her cry would strike your ear.

Chorus : Here they go, here they go, here they go,
Paugies three cents a pound :
Here they go, here they go, here they go,
Paugies three cents a pound.

II.

Oh, don't you remember poor little Tray,
Who followed in her trail,
I saw him running down Broadway,
With a tin-kettle on his tail :
Oh, don't you remember the old hand-cart,
That she used to pull along,
And it seemed to be the joy of her heart,
To sing her well-known song.

Chorus : Here they go, here they go, &c.

III.

Oh, don't you remember the crowd so great,
When we tried to stop the din,
When we found her dead in Baxter street,
From the effects of good old gin :
Her poor old dog, did by her lie,
He met an untimely death,
The poor dumb beast, did poisoned die,
By smelling Nelly's breath.

Chorus : She has gone, she has gone, she has gone,
Her breath did slowly yield,
She now lies, she now lies, she now lies,
*Away up in Potter's Field.



The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me.

As sung by FRED SHAW.

I.

The dearest spot on earth to me,
Is home, sweet, home !
The fairy land, I've longed to see,
Is home, sweet, home !
There how charmed the sense of hearing,
There where hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not half so cheering,
As home, sweet, home !

Chorus : The dearest spot on earth is to me,
Is home, sweet, home !
The fairy land, I've longed to see,
Is home, sweet, home !

II.

I have taught my heart the way to prize,
My home, sweet, home !
I have learned to look with lovers' eyes,
On home, sweet, home !
There where vows are truly plighted,
There where hearts are so united,
All the rest of earth I've slighted,
For home, sweet, home !

Chorus : The dearest spot of earth to me, &c.

Of all the Drinks to Me so Dear.

A Parody on, THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME.

Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW.

I.

Of all the drinks to me so dear,
It's rum, sweet, rum !
I have forsook my Lager-beer,

For rum, sweet, rum !
I've give up both gin and oherry,
Likewise good old port and sherry,
Now I always get so merry,
On rum, sweet, rum.

Chorus : Of all the drinks to me so dear,
It's rum, sweet, rum :
I have forsook my Lager-beer,
It's rum, sweet, rum.

II.

What relieves the mind and body,
It's rum, sweet, rum ;
When its made in good hot toddy,
Of rum, sweet, rum,
When I felt a little risky,
I would punish good old whiskey,
But now I always get so frisky,
On rum, sweet rum.

Chorus : What relieves the mind and body,
'Tis rum, sweet, rum ;
When i'ts made in good hot toddy,
Of rum, sweet, rum.

III.

What is it drives your senses out,
But rum, sweet, rum ;
Makes you hit your friend in the snout,
'Tis rum, sweet, rum.
Let those who love to growl and fight,
And do in plug-mussing delight,
Get on a gay, old jolly tight,
On rum, sweet, rum.

Chorus : What is it leads you to carouse,
'Tis rum, sweet, rum ;
What gets you in the Station-house,
But rum, sweet, rum.

The Broadcloth Coat.

A companion to, THE RAGGED COAT.

Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW, Comic Vocalist

AIR. Ragged Coat.

I.

This world is but a stage, the people are its actors,
So will you say, as you walk o'er life's way,
This age is a contract, we are it's contractors,
That can be seen in New York every day ;
As you walk our streets, keep your eyes around you,
Mind your associations, and their doings quote,
Look at the groups, that daily do surround you,
And judge between the " Ragged," and the handsome
" Broadcloth Coat."

II.

Rumor is a gentleman, so everybody say,
And what they say, of course it must be true,
At least you'll not deny it, for the sake of " fashion's"
ways,
Because you know, it would not be very polite in
you ;
Say he is a gentleman, at least so doth appear,
Dresses in the best, wears " Moustache" and goat,
For pleasure we'll trace him, awhile in his career,
This gentleman of Fashion, who wears the " Broad-
cloth Coat."

III.

His manners they are pleasing, his actions are gen-
teel,
He is thought by a scholar, to be perfect and true ;
He's invited to the party, by the rich Mr. Peel,
Who lives like a prince, upon the Avenue :
Then dressed in his best, his name it is announced,
Immediately he's introduced, to Mr. and Mrs. Shote,
What a handsome man, by every one pronounced,
How very nice he looks, dressed in his " Broadcloth
Coat."

IV.

After enjoying himself, for an hour or more,
He told all the guests, that he must retreat,
He made a handsome bow, drew near the door,
Said as an excuse, his corns hurt his feet;
But scarce had he left, when a cry came through the
room,
The Cook she rushed in, but the words did her
choke,
Oh, my dear madam, he has taken all the spoons,
He was a handsome man and wore, a bran-new
"Broadcloth Coat."

V.

The young women fainted, the old ones spoke quite
free,
Mrs. Peel said Mary, of her senses was bereft;
That handsome young man, I'm sure it cannot be,
They turned to look for him, but found that he had
left;
The police were called in, and soon sent upon his
track,
And now this sequel, I hope you all will note,
In a few short moments, they quickly brought him
back,
The spoons were in the pockets of, this handsome
"Broadcloth Coat."

VI.

He was of course arrested, but what was the use,
The Judge from his friends, did receive a note,
He was "discharged," insanity the excuse,
For he had money, and wore a handsome coat.
And now my generous friends, pray don't with hor-
ror start,
But this little advice, I hope you all will quote,
Oh, better let a "ragged one," cover an honest heart,
Than keep a "villain's soul," beneath a handsome
"Broadcloth Coat."

Times of 1858.

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Root Hog, or Die.

I.

Oh, I have been asked, to sing a little song,
To please you I will try, but I won't detain you long,
And if your attention, you'll give to my rhymes,
I will try and give you, a few hits at the times.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, so people say,
But keep up your heart, there will be a bet-
ter day,
Bye, and bye !

II.

First, there are the ladies, now pray don't think me
bold,
A little wholesome truth about you, must be told,
Your husbands they do mourn, they see you are
such flirts,
Winking at the young men, in their patent hoop-
skirts.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

III.

Now there are the young men, with moustache and
goats,
And those funny collars, and long-tailed coats,
They wear very good clothes, but their cash—that is
low,
But up and down Broadway, they try to play the
"beau."

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

IV.

Now there are the little boys, who through the
streets do roam.

They ought to play with toys, or read their books at
home,
Instead of doing that, they act very absurd,
And drink a pint of gin, before they know the word.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

V.

Now there are the poor, who through the streets do
walk,
Times are so hard, they cannot get no work,
Hungry they do go, without a loaf of bread,
And a charcoal-box, is sometimes their bed.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

VI.

If I was Mayor, I know what I would do,
I'd make a grand strike, on the Fifth-avenue,
It is those who rob the poor, to their heart's content,
With their speculations, and their heavy rent.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

VII.

The poor of New York, now all they do ask,
Is lower the rents, and come down on the tax,
But if they don't, why, we must patient wait,
And hope for better times, in Eighteen-fifty-eight.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

VIII.

Now I had better stop, for fear I might offend,
So to close these few lines, that I've quickly penned,
If my rhymes they've pleas'd, act kindly in my
cause,
And bid me welcome here, with your kind applause.

Chorus : Hard times, are bad times, &c.

Pat and the Log!

An Irish Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED.

SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Derry-down-Derry.

I.

Two Irishmen in York, not long from the bogs,
Were out in the woods, a cutting down logs,
But the work that went against their will,
The logs had to be taken, half way down the hill.

Chorus: Derry-down-derry, derry-down-derry,
Derry-down-derry, derry-down-da.

II.

Says Jimmy to Pat, I have a notion,
We are two fools, to get in commotion,
About these old logs, which make us quite ill,
By Jabers, they may get themselves down the hill.

Chorus : Derry-down-derry, &c.

III.

So they cut down another, the limbs they did crop,
They gave it a start, when Jimmy cries "stop!"
But in spite of his calling, and bawling all told,
The more that he swore, the faster it rolled.

Chorus : Derry-down-derry, &c.

IV.

Jimmy said with a sigh, you "ould divil" Pat,
The log's at the bottom, do you "moind" that,
Never "moind" boy, says Pat, I have a plan,
Let's see the next one bate me, if it can.

Chorus : Derry-down-derry, &c.

V.

So Paddy he ran, half-way down the hill,
To stop the next log, was his notion and will,
The log came rolling, and in spite of his skill,
Both Pat and the log, went rolling down hill.

Chorus : Derry-down-derry, &c.

VI.

When Jimmy saw that Paddy was spilt,
He ran to see if poor Paddy was kil't,
Pat and log kept on rolling, Jim said "Pat don't give
up,
You're as good as the divil, you're half the time up."

Chorus : Derry-down-derry, &c.

A Narration.

A Comic Eccentricity, Composed and sung by

FRED. SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Green Grows the Rushes O'.

I.

We are noted as a nation,
For our love of speculation,
It adds to our personation,
Never mind our rank, our station ;
And without equivocation,
We never seek adulation,
To save us from condemnation.

II.

Now I'll tell you a narration.
Of a man, whose name was Pation,
Tried to get accommodation,
At a Boarding habitation ;
When he got his destination,

He felt the pangs of starvation,
He said that the aggravation,
Came without a provocation.

III.

Then without prevarication,
He soon made a demonstration,
For a little bit of ration,
For his own safe preservation;
The lady came with punctuation,
Ask'd what he'd have with moderation,
Something to fill my corporation,
For hunger is a ruination.

IV.

Then she cut a queer flirtation,
And without hesitation,
Soon made her evacuation,
To fulfill her obligation;
She gave the cook an oration,
Which was not of long duration,
To send him a small collation,
Which would be a consolation.

V.

The cook took the observation,
Without further commentation,
And commenced amputation,
On a shanghai delegation;
She took him up the potation,
Which he took with acclamation,
Thank'd her for consideration,
Gave her a cent as compensation.

VI.

His teeth made administration,
Into the consolidation,
But he swore with vexation,
He could not break the annexation;
He bawled out with thunderation,
Old gal how much is my taxation,

I want my emancipation,
From this house of degradation

VII.

A war was in operation,
So he thought of emigration,
And to leave his occupation,
Was his only sure salvation;
Says she, sustain the allegation,
Says he, I make the accusation,
Then, sir, you go to your plantation,
And you, ma'am, go to d—tarnation.

**Mickey, yer divil, Don't bother
me now.**

An Irish Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED.

SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Things I don't like to see.

I.

My name's Mickey Neil, I was born in Dublin,
Where the boys are so thick, and the girls are so
thin,
I soon learn to spake, but the divil knows how,
For I heard nothing, but Mickey don't bother me
now.

Chorus: Oh, Mickey yer divil, your always decavin',
Oh, Mickey yer divil, those tricks should
be lavin',
If a stone it was shyed, at a pig or a cow,
It was Mickey, yer divil, don't bother em
now.

II.

My mother would be washing at her tubs,
When I'd throw the Tom-cat plump into the suds,

My mother would screech, while the cat it would
mew,
Oh, Mickey yer divil, don't bother us now.

Chorus : Oh, Mickey your divil, &c.

III.

My mother, lord bless her, she sent me to school,
To l'arn readin' and spellin', of Barney O. Toole,
And when with the boys, I'd have a bit of a row,
He'd say, Mickey yer divil, don't bother 'em now.

Chorus : For Mickey, yer divil, &c.

IV.

When I got a man, I was merry and frisky,
Could dig in the bogs, and punish the whiskey,
When I'd tip the shillelaly, to show the boys how,
They'd cry, Mickey yer divil, don't bother me now

Chorus : Oh, Mickey yer divil, &c.

V.

At one Donnebrook, sure it was my delight,
To enjoy myself in a bit of a fight,
And when wid a "rap," I'd lay the boys low,
They'd shout, Mickey yer divil, don't bother us now,

Chorus : Oh, Mickey yer divil, &c.

VI.

There was a swate girl, one Judy O. Trot,
Who wid pure love, made this heart red hot,
When I axed for her hand, she looked at me so,
And said, Mickey yer divil, don't bother me now.

Chorus : Oh, Mickey yer divil, &c.

VII.

short time after this, the priest made us one,
Wid the boys and girls, we had plenty of fun,

And when we were married, she hugged me just so,
And said, Mickey yer divil, come bother me now.

Chorus : Oh, Mickey, yer divil, &c.

Tight as Bricks.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. A Narration.

I.

To sing a song to-night I'm asked,
So to please you I will try,
I'll tell you of the scrape I had,
Upon the Fourth of July ;
I went to the Metropolitan Hall,
To see "Riley" cut his funny tricks,
While pegging into Georges' gin,
I got just as "tight as bricks."

II.

Through the Sixth-Ward I took a stroll,
In the hopes to see some fun,
When I got to Centre-street,
I found a row had just begun ;
The crowd began a hitting out,
With pistols, stones, and other sticks,
A fellow punched me in the snout,
While I was, "as tight as bricks."

III.

My bosom then with rage did burn,
I hit the cove smack in the eye,
Says I, old boy, I'll take a turn,
Upon the Fourth of July ;
He banged away, both left and right,
But I put in some science licks,

I welted him with all my might,
While I was as "tight as bricks."

IV.

The row began now to increase,
Stones and bricks did freely fly,
Loud cries were heard for the police,
But ne'er a one was there near by;
Pistols then were brought instead,
Which soon took the shine off sticks,
I saw a man shot through the head,
While I was as "tight as bricks."

V.

I very soon made up my mind,
That this spot was no place for me,
For if I stay'd there a candidate,
For Greenwood very soon I'd be.
Towards my home I did stray,
Glad to get out of the fix,
But I found my wife had ran away,
While I was as "tight as bricks."

VI.

While I was sitting all alone,
In my misery, grief, and woe,
I thought I heard my wife's sweet tones,
In the chimney-sweeper's room below;
Down stairs I flew, in mad despair,
My eye to the key-hole soon I sticks,
Oh, I found my wife,— was not there,
And I— was just as "tight as bricks."

VII.

And now I've got a little girl,
But I won't tell you her name,
For she's dead in love with me,
And she's going to change her name;
But if she does not use me well,
And tries to play her woman's tricks,

Why she may—may just go to—
And I will get as “tight as bricks.”

VIII.

And now I've sung you all my song,
I must now say good bye,
But I trust to meet you long,
Before the Fourth of next July :
And now my friends, one and all,
From all your rows cut your sticks,
But slip into Metropolitan Hall,
And get just as “tight as bricks.”

Be a Brick.

A Favorite Comic Song ; Revised and arranged by

FRED. SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Can't I do the Thing?

I.

I love a joke, oh, that I do,
Or any thing that causes fun,
I like to travel with a crew,
I like to chatter with a chum ;
I like a cove with lots of tin,
I'm after him so very quick,
Says I, old boy, come buss your fin,
And sport your silver like “a brick.”

II.

There is a girl, in our lane,
She dresses up so mighty flash,
People call her “pretty Jane,”
She's a sporter, she's a dash ;
As I walked out the other night,
She hooked on me so very quick,
Come “Fred,” take me to the play,
Now don't deny, but be “a brick.”

III.

Next to the Bowery, we took a stroll,
There a party we did meet,
Duspa Nigger, such a droll,
Asked me for to stand a treat;
They said they could drink a drain,
So come along, says the "old flick,"
Come pay for this, my dear, says Jane,
Now don't deny, but be "a brick."

IV.

Jane got drunk, and so did I,
And in the gutter rolled like swine,
The boys they made us such a grey,
They pelted us before and 'hind.
Jane fell down, and so did I,
We one another, up did pick,
Then a lot of boys, set up a shout,
Flare up, "old cove," and be "a brick."

V.

I got up and hooked it home,
For I was wet unto the skin,
Knocked three times at Mrs. Bone,
Who swore she wouldn't let me in;
Through the window then I got,
A strange man in my room did stick,
He said I ought to stand the rum,
For he always knew I was "a brick."

VI.

I told my wife it was not right,
To act that way before my face,
When he got up, and said he fight,
And I agreed to end the case;
From the manly, he got some blows,
Upon his horn so fast and thick,
As the claret came from his nose,
Says I, old boy, I am "a brick."

And now my wife has ran away,
Perhaps she's to the devil gone,
She left me such a swag to pay,
And such a lot of clothes in pawn.
There is a girl, she lives hard by,
I fell in love with her so quick,
I married her, just on the sly,
Merely to show, I was "a brick."

VIII.

Now my friends, I'll say good-bye,
Although to go gives me pain,
Yet I hope, and before long,
In this saloon, to meet again,
Now your applause, come give to me,
Faults on my song don't pick,
But if you call, to-morrow night,
I'll remain your humble "brick."

Can't I do the Thing!

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW.

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Nice Young Gal.

I.

Curious sayings are all the rage,
As you all full well know,
From "dry up," and "put in your cork,"
To "Cully, how does it go."
You may go just where you please,
This sound in your ears will ring,
From the little boy—to the 5ld man,
Of, "Can't I do the thing."

II.

The politician, first in rank,
We have just selected,

He promises to do all that's frank,
Provided he's elected ;
But when his office he obtains,
And the chink in his pockets ring,
He kicks you out for your pains,
Saying, " Can't I do the thing."

III.

The next your tailor, who so well,
Knows how your clothes to make,
Who, with his gammon and his gas,
Gets you a suit to take ;
The second day your suit looks old,
His bill, he does at you fling,
And when he's fingered all your gold,
Says, " Can't I do the thing."

IV.

The doctor next must have his whack,
For he is in the threng,
You send for him for an attack,
He sends his bill—so long ;
If you should dare the bill dispute,
Arsenic he'll in you fling,
And when the bucket you have kicked,
Says, " Can't I do the thing."

V.

The lawyer next comes in his turn,
For he is in the crowd,
For you he'll blow, lie and swear,
Besides he'll talk so loud.
And when all your cash he's got,
He keeps you on a string,
Thumbs his nose, and says with a laugh,
" Can't I do the thing."

VI.

Then comes your wife, whom you do trust,
While you're at work down-town,
You come home, and find she's sloped,

With a young man named Brown ;
 She's taken all your cash and gold,
 Likewise your diamond ring,
 She says, the old buffer I've sold,
 And, "Can't I do the thing."

VII.

And now I've finished all my song,
 To please has been my aim,
 And by those kind, and pleasing smiles,
 I think I've won the game.
 Come give me your kind applause,
 And make this old place ring,
 And then you will give me cause,
 To say, "Can't I do the thing."

The Present Times.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Bow-wow-wow.

I.

I've sung many songs, and I've sung many rhymes,
 About curious very things, in very curious times,
 About the present date, I dedicate these lines,
 And hope none I'll offend, by hinting at the times.

Chorus: Oh, the present times,
 The hard times, and bad times,
 The times of '58.

II.

At Albany last year, they were kicking up the devil,
 It may be fun to them, but I think it quite uncivil,
 The temperance men in triumph, were then all agog,
 They thought to bring us to our trumps, by stopping
 our grog.

Chorus: Oh, the present times, &c.

III.

If you wish to sell liquor, you must get up a petition,
Signed by twenty names, by the rule of addition,
You must pay them fifty dollars down, I'm sure it is
a sin,
But if you don't comply, we can't have our "Gin."

Chorus: Oh, the present times, &c.

IV.

We'll come from Albany to New York, and look at
our streets,
The mud is lying in them, nearly ten feet deep,
And where there is no mud, I'm sure I'm speaking
just,
You're choked by garroters, or blinded by the dust.

Chorus: Oh, the present times, &c.

V.

There's beggars at your doors, and beggars on your
stoops,
Or else you are tormented, by tremendous skirts of
hoops,
If you should miss your ash-barrel, it's true what I
say,
Under a lady's dress you'll find it, sailing down
Broadway.

Chorus: Oh, the present times, &c.

VI.

Another row has started up, so all the good folks
say,
A coachman, with a rich man's daughter ran away,
He got tired of driving her, before a horse's gait,
So he led her at 2.40, into the matrimonial state.

Chorus: Oh, the present times, &c.

VII.

Oh, in these days of humbug, of quackery and stuffing,
 The women still go in, for painting and puffing,
 I don't like to say it, because it their feelings hurts,
 They can't carry brass enough in their face, but go
 it in their skirts.

Chorus : Oh, the present times, &c.

VIII.

In these hard times, these days of awful usages,
 They have a new way of making patent sausages,
 Instead of making them out of pork, which comes
 from fat hogs,
 They kill all the "Poodles," and make them out of
 dogs.

Chorus : Oh, the present times, &c.

IX.

Another thing is before Congress, which seems to be
 all the go,
 It's the way Jonny Bull treats our ships, in the Gulf
 of Mexico,
 If he don't let them alone, he'll get himself in a fix,
 And we'll lather him like blazes, as we did in "Seven-
 ty-six."

Chorus : Oh, the present times, &c.

My Mother's own Boy.

An Irish Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED.

SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Darlin' ould stick.

I.

My name's Paddy Duff, I was born in Kalog,
 A beautiful town built on the top of a bog,

Where my father, mother, and brothers a score,
Lived as happy as mermaids, in the days of old
Noah.

Chorus: With joy all the day I'd be singing,
While my mother the clothes was a ringing,
To her apron sure I'd be clinging,
For I was my mother's own boy.

II.

Oh, when I grew up, and was put into breeches,
My father he set me to work in the ditches,
Oft he would tell me, with an oath and a gruff,
Go, ye big blaguard, and dig out some turf.

Chorus: And all the time I was digging,
Of the sweet "cratur" I'd be swigging,
And the girls sure I'd be twigging,
For I was my mother's own boy.

III.

When my dad croaked, and the bucket did kick,
He made me a present, of this "darlin ould stick,"
Says he, take it my boy, and moind what I say,
Be sure and take it wid ye's, wherever ye stray.

Chorus: Should any one be ye's attacking,
Be sure that their skulls ye are cracking,
And you'll give 'em the devil's own whack-
ing,
For you are your mother's own boy.

IV.

Oh, when he was dead, we laid him out strait,
And ask'd all his friends to come to his wake,
There was McClusky, McGinnis, McMann, and Mc-
Nore,
With McClonky, McShane, and half-a-score more.

Chorus: And while we were all him waking,
With grief we were all of us shaking,
And of whiskey we all were partaking,
All with the mother's own boy.

V.

The whiskey in our heads, to work soon began,
When McClusky commenced his vollicking fun,
He tould ould McGinnis, that he was a fool,
And McCinnis said, he was of the same school.

Chorus : Then McGinnis got a belt in the gob,
And McClusky, a rap on the nob,
By my soul 'twas an illegant job,
It was fun for my mother's own boy.

VI.

Oh, when my poor father was laid in the grave,
I went to my mother, and soon got her lave
To go and see, all the sights then so rare,
That were to be seen at Donnebroom Fair.

Chorus : My eyes with wonder were glancing,
My heart with joy it was prancing,
And my feet kept on the devil's own dancing,
For I was my mother's own boy.

VII.

Wid dancing, the whiskey got into my brain,
When an ugly spalpeen, did blaguard my name,
I hit him a clout, right over the eye,
Says he, by St. Patrick ! it's murdered am I.

Chorus : Of such a beautiful sight,
The boys all jumped with delight,
Faith, we had an illegant fight,
All through my mother's boy.

VIII.

There was O'Meary, O'Clancy, O'Neil, and O'Shane,
O'Clunkey, O'Connor, O'Shea, and O'Mane,
Biddy and Judy, Peggy, and Molly McGite,
We all of us had such a beautiful fight.

Chorus : And while they were all pouting,
I was giving them the devil's own clouting,

And still I was all the time shouting,
I am my mother's own boy.

You're always Something Out.

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Go it while you're Young.

I.

Another new song I'm going to sing,
I trust you'll approve it too,
And as you hear it sung,
I think you'll say it's true.
You cannot do any thing,
I don't care what you're about,
Your bound in the course of time,
To be a little out.

II.

Suppose you are a single man,
There's your board every week,
You cannot do them out of that,
Unless you've lots of cheek.
And there's your Sunday clothes,
To wear when you go out,
Your boots, gloves, and hat likewise,
Now ain't you something out?

III.

And if a stranger comes to town,
You know very well he can't
Leave our city without,
Seeing the Elephant;
He desires to be shown around,
Of course you know the route,
He "forks out" a little down,
Oh, aint he something out.

IV.

If you are a married man,
Why there's your darling wife,
You know you must take care,
Of your partner for life.
We know it's d—d expensive,
But you must'nt growl or pout,
If she should want a new hoop skirt,
Of course, you must shell out.

V.

If you live in peace and joy,
Perhaps in course of time,
She presents you with a little boy,
Of course, it's very fine.
You have to treat your friends,
And have the nurse about,
And when you've footed the doctor's bill
Hcly Mackerel! aint you out.

VI.

If you live up to the times,
And are a sporter gay,
Oh, how you'll have to throw the dimes,
And be a tailor's prey.
Or if you are a lady's man,
Of which I do not doubt,
By the time you're done with them,
Jumping Moses! aint you out.

VII.

And now I've sung you all my song,
It's merits, and it's cause,
Now all I ask of you,
Is your kind applause.
Kind friends, just take my advice,
Whenever you "drop out,"
"Drop in" the Metropolitan Hall,
And be a little out.

My Trip to the Fishing Banks.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Paddy Whack. .

I.

The day was clear, the sun was hot,
I scarcely knew what to do,
Of brandy-sowers, and cocktails,
I had demolished not a few.
A thought it struck me with delight,
I soon stirred up my lazy shanks,
Says I, I'll go on board the Satellite,
And run down to the Fishing Banks.

II.

I soon put on my hat and coat,
I looked so clean, so spruce and neat,
I hastened then, down to the boat,
That laid at the foot of Amos-street.
I then quite nimbly jumped on board,
The children were cutting funny pranks,
Oh, men and women, such a horde,
All going to the Fishing Banks.

III.

The engineer let off his steam,
And the whistle loudly blew,
The women they began to scream,
And some commenced a fainting too.
The children to their mammy's ran,
And cut such foolish pranks,
It was then the squalling soon began,
While going to the Fishing Banks.

IV.

When we got out into the stream,
The music it began to play,

The children with joy did scream,
The men and women danced away.
But soon a thunder storm arose,
And we could scarcely keep our shanks,
The wind play'd with the ladies' clothes,
While going to the Fishing Banks.

V.

The women they ran down below
The rain it fell so fast and thick,
The wind a hurricane did blow,
And all the people got sea-sick.
The chamber-maids were running round,
With pitchers, pots, bowls, and tanks,
There was spitting and spewing all around,
While going to the Fishing Banks.

VI.

There was a little girl sick below,
Her hair was black, her eyes were large,
To her all kindness, I did show,
And took her beneath my charge.
Under my care she soon revived,
For which she gave me many thanks,
Says she, I hope we'll soon arrive,
Down upon the Fishing Banks.

VII.

Oh, then in conversation we dips,
I stole my arm around her waist,
I kept tucking in brandy-nips,
While a lemonade she would taste.
My head began, to feel rather light,
Which made me cut such funny pranks,
Oh, didn't I get good and tight,
Down upon the Fishing Banks.

VIII.

The brandy made me feel quite brave,
The question I resolved to pop,
Oh, such a look on me she gave,

Which made me think that I would drop.
But when the word, "yes," she did say,
You ought to 've seen my foolish pranks,
And now I often bless the day,
That took me to the Fishing Banks.

Bill Wall.

A Serio Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED

SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Sam Hall.

I.

My name it is Bill Wall,
Rag-picker, rag-picker ;
My name it is Bill Wall,
The rope is now my all,
The reward of Vice's call,

Curse the luck.

II.

I scorn'd my mother's prayer,
Mother's prayer, mother's prayer ;
I scorned my mother's prayer,
And brought her silvery hair,
To the grave in mad despair,

Curse the luck.

III.

I scorned my wife's appeal,
Wife's appeal, wife's appeal,
I scorned my wife's appeal,
When before me she did kneel,
And charged me not to steal,

Curse the luck.

IV.

One day in angry strife,
Angry strife, angry strife,
One day in angry strife,
With this bloody knife,
I took her precious life,
Curse the luck.

V.

For murder they did me try,
Did me try, did me try,
For murder they did me try,
And sentenced me to die,
And to-day, hanged am I,
Curse the luck.

VI.

The world will curse my name,
Curse my name, curse my name,
The world will curse my name,
And brand my brow with shame,
While my soul burns in h—ll's flame,
Curse the luck.

VII.

That sound's the muffled drum,
Muffled drum, muffled drum,
That sound's the muffled drum,
Which means my hour has come,
My sand of life has run,
Curse the luck.

VIII.

And now I'm going to die,
Going to die, by the drop,
And now I'm going to die,
Let your prayers ascend the sky,
To save my soul on high,
Curse the luck!

The way Money Goes.

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

AIR. The Fiddler

I.

My name it is no matter what,
My living I earn by my labor,
I am not going to blaguard my friends,
Or cast any blame on my neighbor.
To please you then is my aim,
As these lines if you follow them shows,
And if your attention you'll give,
I'll show you how your money goes.

II.

When an infant first you are born,
Every one hopes to see you thrive,
They call in a doctor and nurse,
In order to keep you alive.
There's linen to wrap you up in,
And flannel to cover your toes,
Cambric to go next your skin,
So you see how money goes.

III.

Then when you grow up to a youth,
It is the wish of your mamma,
That you to a school should go,
And study reading and grammar.
There's money for books and for pens,
A satchel your books to enclose,
There's money for pencils and slate,
So you see how money goes.

IV.

When to manhood promoted by age,
Your bosom with love is firing,

You fall in love with a sweet girl,
Who is pretty, modest, and retiring ;
There's money for candies, and cakes,
For letters, as every one knows,
And there's the postage you know,
So you see how your money goes.

V.

Then as you advance in the world,
You wish for a partner for life,
Then that sweet, little duck of a girl,
Becomes your own little wife.
There's money for pans and a ladle,
And tubs for to wash all your clothes,
There's house-rent, and also a cradle,
So you see how your money goes.

VI.

When advanced to a silvery age,
Father time calls you away,
You close this life's tedious page,
When there is the old scratch to pay.
Your doctors are after your body,
Your relations your money and clothes,
The Undertaker sends in his bill,
So you see how your money goes.

VII.

Now I've concluded my song,
And I've tried you all to amuse,
If I have said any thing wrong,
I hope you will please it excuse.
But kind friends, one word of advice,
I think my song has disclosed,
To show in this cold-hearted world,
The way your money soon goes.

My Wife is an old Gal, nearly Sixty Years Old!

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

AIR. My Love is a Sailleur Boy.

I.

My wife is an old gal, nearly sixty years old,
She's as thick as a wash-tub, can thump and can
scold,
She wears all my breeches, to speak I so dread,
For crack goes the broomstick, on the top of my
head.

Chorus: For her spirit is Cantankerous, and fierce
to behold,
In old gal bred a huckstier, nearly sixty-
years old.

II.

I sits in the cor-ni-eir, when the neighbors come in,
While she with the butch-i-eir, will sit and swig gin,
If I say a word, oh, bang goes my chops,
She makes me scrub the floor, and take out the
slops.

Chorus: For her spirit, &c.

III.

It was in Ful-ti-on mar-ki-et, that first she did stand,
It was among the cab-ba-ges, I axed her for her
hand,
Oh, then I soon took her, for bet-ti-er or worse,
But instead of an an-gi-el, I had an old curse.

Chorus: For her spirit, &c.

IV.

The tai-li-eur drops in, the fam-i-ly to see,
When he and my wife, they go on a spree,
But I wish to the lord, he would let my wife alone,
Do his pressing and stitching, at his house, at home.

Chorus: For her spirit, &c,

V.

Oh, when she came home, I would her blame,
For the way in which she abu-si-ed my name,
She sei-zi-ed the po-ki-eir, and told me I lied,
Cracked my poor sconce, and blackened my eyes.

Chorus: For her spirit, &c.

The Honest Heart.

A Serio Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED.

SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Twenty-years Ago.

I.

A gentleman of rank and wealth,
Whose life was lone and drear,
For death had taken all by stealth,
That had made life so dear.
And as old age came creeping on,
And death did on him stare,
He wished a friend, to call his own,
And make his only heir.

II.

He asked no lovely maiden gay,
Who daubs in chalk and paint,
And on Sunday kneel'd to pray,
As if she were a saint.

He asked not one of gaudy show,
Who could not woe impart,
He wanted one to share his woe,
He sought an honest heart.

III.

But to obtain the diadem,
Was a task long and hard,
But whoever did own the gem,
Should receive the reward.
So at the corner of the street,
A beggar he did stand,
And sued for alms, each one he'd meet,
With an outstretched hand.

IV.

The first, a child was passing by,
In finery arrayed,
Charity, the old man did cry,
But soon his voice was staid.
The child passed on, in scorn and mirth,
He had no motive pure,
For from the hour that gave him birth,
He'd learned to hate the poor.

V.

The second came, a beauteous maid,
Whose cheeks were like the rose,
The old man thought he was repaid,
And found the one he chose.
When he put forth his trembling hand,
And asked her him to bless,
Says she, go way, you dirty man,
You'll spoil my new silk dress.

VI.

Then came a dandy of Broadway,
All with moustache and goat,
His handkerchief was scented gay,
He wore a Broadcloth coat.
The old man then pressed his suit,

But the dandy bade him cease,
Saying, go on, you ugly brute,
Or I'll call the police

VII.

At last there came a working-man,
Whose coat had gone to seed,
When he saw the outstretched hand,
He proved the frierd in need.
The old man then, with joy did start,
Grasped the poor man's hand,
At last I've found the "honest heart,"
In the poor working-man.

I'm the Boy knows how to do It.

A Comic Song, Compocsed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Billy Rover.

I.

A little song I'm going to sing,
If your attention you will give,
I'll show you I know the way,
When the Banks burst how to live.
Brckers they may go to smash,
Then sit down and mourn and rue it,
I will have my belly full,
For I'm the boy knows how to do it.

II.

When I was a little boy,
And at boarding-school confined,
The other boys I'd lick like fun,
And their marbles I would grind.
And we'd play at pitch and toss,
But the game I ably knew it,

Heads I win, and tails they lost,
For I was the boy knew how to do it.

III.

Then when I was short of change,
Of my friends I would borrow,
Promising like all good men,
That I would pay upon the morrow.
But when the looked-for morrow comes,
To pay I'm loathe to do it,
I told them all that they must—
For I'm the boy knows how to do it.

IV.

A pretty girl named Alice May,
Oh, she did fall in love with me,
She told me she had lots of cash,
And with her then I made quite free.
She asked me when her cash was gone,
If to marry her, I meant to do it,
Says I, old gal, I am no flat,
But I'm the boy knows how to do it.

V.

Her father he then went to law,
The Judge said I must marry,
I found that spot too hot for me,
No longer there would tarry.
I took my passage for New York,
A steam-boat brought me quickly to it,
Now with my friends, I laugh and sing,
For I'm the boy knows how to do it.

VI.

I very soon got on a spree,
And through the streets did bawl and holler,
An M. P. he came up to me,
And caught me quickly by the collar,
He said to the station-house I must go,
And the law he'd put me through it,

I gave him a V, to let me go,
For I'm the boy knows how to do it.

VII.

I fell in with a pretty girl,
That I knew had lots of tin,
And in less than half a year,
Oh, she became Mrs. Finn.
Her father he kicked up a row,
Her mother she began to rue it,
But I got the gal, and all the cash,
For I was the boy knew how to do it.

VIII.

I then sought a peaceful home,
And left the city's busy strife,
Resolved to live in peace and joy,
With my darling, little wife.
The old man he swung round,
The old mother she came to it,
My wife a baby, gave to me,
For I'm the boy knows how to do it.

The Blessed Baby.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Batch of Cakes.

I.

As new songs are required,
To make our business thrive, sirs,
I'll sing you a little one,
To keep you all alive, sirs.
It is about a certain widcw lady,
So folk say, perhaps she may be,

Who tried to get a doctor's chink,
By rocking that "blessed baby."

II.

To get one the usual way,
She did not know the way, sirs,
For Eckel he was played out,
And Snodgrass had gone away;
But she was determined all along,
Says she, let things run as they may be,
I am determined, and I will,
Rock that "blessed baby."

III.

To Bellevue then she quickly went,
To see a fine young lady,
Whom she knew in a short time,
Was going to have a baby.
To this young woman then she lied,
Says she, my good young lady,
One thousand dollars I'll give you,
To rock that "blessed baby."

IV.

The woman though very poor,
At first she relented,
But when she saw the pile of notes,
She quickly consented.
Mrs. Cunningham took the little one,
Says she, in a basket I'll save ye,
Home I'll go, the folks I'll show,
My little "blessed baby."

V.

So home she went, to bed she goes,
Some cucumbers she eats,
And to make all things right,
She fixes all the sheets.
She calls the folks then in a flurry,
Ellen, Augusta, and Davy,

Oh, go for the doctor, in a hurry,
I've got a little baby.

VI.

The doctor then he quickly came,
To set all things to rights, sirs,
He was a man, Catlin by name,
Who left her for the night, sirs.
But while Dr. Catlin was away,
A doctor Uhl, lord save ye,
Told Oakey Hall, of the stall,
About the "blessed baby."

VII.

Mrs. Cunningham lay moaning,
And kicking up a frolic,
For it seemed those cucumbers,
Had given her the cholic.
But while she lay groaning,
An M. P. came, lord save ye,
And says, Mrs. C., oh, give to me
That little "blessed baby."

VIII.

Mrs. C. set up a terrible yell,
And loudly called for Davy,
Says she, that man quickly tell,
Bring back my doctor's baby.
But the M. P. turned around and said,
Now don't kick up a muss my lady,
For if you do, I'll take you too,
Along with the "blessed baby."

IX.

Now as you supposed,
And have expected,
The baby was a sham one,
And rather unexpected.
As Mrs. C. is fairly hooked,
To Sing-sing she ought to go, as sure as Davy

There she could live, on mush and rice,
Without her "blessed baby."

Mrs. Thompson.

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Mrs. Johnson.

I.

Oh, I have got a scolding wife,
Who keeps me in perpetual strife,
She's the plague and torment of my life,
They call her Mrs. Thompson.

II.

Who is it locks up the sugar and tea,
And keeps the sweatmeats away from me,
And never lets me go on a spree,
Why it's Mrs. Thompson.

III.

Who is it delights to cuff and pound me,
When on the cistern once she found me,
Dowsed me in, and liked to drown me,
It was Mrs. Thompson.

IV.

Who is it that has spent all my riches,
And does as she pleases and wishes,
And after all, will wear my breeches,
Why old Mrs. Thompson.

V.

Who is it broke the broomstick over my head,
And scratched my face until it bled,

And then drove me under the bed,
'Twas foolish Mrs. Thompson.

VI.

Who is it drinks gin by glasses a score,
And rolls beastly drunk about the floor,
And lets men out by the door,
Why, 'twas only Mrs. Thompson,

VII.

In abusing me she never stops,
I pay her debts at all the shops,
For which she makes me take out the slops,
It's quite wrong in Mrs. Thompson.

VIII.

Who was in a peculiar way,
And gave birth to a boy one fine day,
It looks like —, so people say,
It was wicked Mrs. Thompson.

IX.

Who is it I hope old Nick will catch,
When it comes to a final scratch,
Will prove for him more than a match,
Why d—d Mrs. Thompson.

X.

Is there any one here, that's got a desire,
To jump from the frying-pan into the fire,
I'll bring her here, to soothe his ire,
And he'll get enough of Mrs. Thompson.

You've got the Best of Me.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

Air. Unhappy Jeremiah.

I.

As comic songs are all the go,
One more I'll try to write,
And if you give me half a show,
I'll please you all to-night.
Oh, comic sayings are all the rage,
As in life you often see,
The man, the child, cries in a rage,
You've got the best of me.

II.

Oh, when to market I do go,
My dinner of course to buy,
The butcher to me meat does show,
Oh, four or five pounds I try;
I take it home, call the cook by name,
Say, dinner is at three,
The meat is tough, I then exclaim,
Oh, he's got the best of me.

III.

Oh, as my clothes have gone to seed,
To a tailor then I hie,
And as I look the "man in need,"
Another new suit I take.
The suit I take, the cash I find,
I walk out so fine and free,
My pants so tight, burst up behind,
Oh, he's got the best of me.

IV.

My wife had often been coaxing me,
Another new dress to buy,

And as they'd all been hoaxing me,
Why some one else I'd try.
I bought the dress, I took it home,
To see if the print was free,
My wife wet it, the colors run,
So he got the best of me.

V.

I was so mad, I shed a tear,
To think how I'd been done,
Says I, Mary, cheer up my dear,
I'll buy one that will not run.
So I brought her home the stars & stripes,
The emblem of the free,
Says I, old g'hal, they'll never run,
Never mind where'er they be.

Yankee Doodle.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. The Sculptor.

I.

You all have heard of Johnny Bull,
Who lived across the water,
And how he scolded Mrs. Bull,
For the way she named his daughter.
'Twas neither, says he, good or right,
To call the child Miss Susan Coodle,
So she of course, just out of spite,
Christened the boy "Yankee Doodle."

II.

Now Yankee was quite a smart boy,
And possessed some useful knowledge,
And as he was his mammy's joy,
Was quickly sent to college.

One day he took his old Jack-knife,
Cut out the name of his descendants,
And over them as large as life,
Wrote "Declaration of Independence."

III.

When the old man saw this he swore,
He swore with vexation,
But Yankee knew, as each day went o'er,
Brought nearer an Insurrection.
A quarrel quite soon arose,
Between the father and the son,
And the first crack made at Johnny's nose,
Was at a place called Lexington.

IV.

When the old man saw this he swore,
Said the child needed correction,
So Johnny did all he could,
To prove Yankee's ruination.
But Yankee then stuck up a pole,
Which gave old John the gripes,
A bit of buntin' did unrole,
Which showed our "Stars and Stripes."

V.

Now Yankee very saucy was,
Said a joke a laugh would win,
But Johnny couldn't laugh because,
He couldn't see where the laugh came in.
A party guest he ask'd John to be,
Says he, I've nothing in my larder,
But if you'll have a good cup of tea,
Why get it in Boston Harbor.

VI.

At last they had another scratch,
Indeed Yankee would not keep still,
And Johnny again met his match,
On a place called Bunker's Hill.
It was there, alas! brave Warren fell,

A hero he proved ever,
His own brave deeds, no tongue need tell,
For his own memory lives forever.

VII.

There was a man, who made them squeak,
In him there was no gammon,
He fell on board the Chesapeake,
While in contact with the Shannon.
The ship's going down, the sailor cries,
Says Lawrence, let her rip,
Stand by your guns, until you die,
But oh, don't give up the ship.

VIII.

There was a man, who proved a scourge,
And done them all up brown,
At Cowpens, and at Valley Forge,
And a little place called Yorktown.
He stood true to his country's call,
He made tories and traitors run,
He made the foes of freedom fall,
His name was "George Washington!"

IX.

Now John grew mad, and louder swore,
And said he'd try better means,
And give them all, a shot once more,
When he'd got 'em to New Orleans.
But John forgot one important fact,
Although he put the tax in,
Although he formed the old "Stamp Act,"
He could not take Andrew Jackson.

X.

Now Johnny finding he was done,
Thought his hostilities would cease,
And with his only, darling son,
Live in happiness and peace.
But Yankee girls, and Yankee sons,
From their rights ne'er will sever,

Here's to the name of "Washington,"
And may it live forever.

The Atlantic Cable.

Composed by FRED. SHAW, and sung by him in all
the Principal Theatres in New York,

AIR. Down in Alabama.

I.

Good news at last, good news at last!
Good news at last, good news at last,
The Niagara has arrived 'tis said,
Oh, now for commerce, and for trade,
The Atlantic Cable, it is laid,
Clear across the ocean.

II.

Oh, Johnny Bull, oh, Johnny Bull!
Oh, Johnny Bull, oh, Johnny Bull!
Gals put on your hoops and scrapers,
Cut all sorts of funny capers,
Lots of news now in the papers,
About the Atlantic Cable.

III.

Ring, ring your bells, ring, ring your bells!
Ring, ring your bells, ring, ring your bells,
By this scheme, we're all a winner,
Just as true as I'm a sinner,
Tell each other what we had for dinner,
Way across the ocean.

IV.

Huzza! boys, huzza! huzza! boys, huzza!
Huzza! boys, huzza! huzza! boys, huzza!
Oh, what a thing for lovers and misses,

For now as the fluid hisses,
We can telegraph kisses,
Clear across the ocean.

V.

Union is strength, union is strength,
Union is strength, union is strength,
Let us live in peace and unity,
Blest with freedom's community,
Liberty, equality, and fraternity,
On both sides of the ocean.

VI.

Three cheers altogether, three cheers altogether
Three cheers altogether, three cheers altogether
Here's to the land that plenty yields,
Let union then be our shield,
Three hearty cheers for Cyrus Field,
Who laid the Atlantic Cable.

Larry O'Brien!

As sung by FRED SHAW.

I.

Sure I've lately returned from the ocean,
Where the blood and thunder-balls were in motion,
But for fightin' sure I never had a notion,
It would never do for Larry O'Brien.
I could box along the shore, like a good many more,
Dance, sing, drink and fight, and make the spalpeens
 roar,
But I nivar thought it clivir,
To see the balls knock out the liver,
Of Larry, Larry !

Chorus: Blood and thunder to the girl that would
 tarry,
She'd never do for Larry O'Brien :

Blood and thunder to the gal that would
tarry,
She never do for Larry O'Brien.

II.

Oh, the Middy, he's a bit of a milk-sop,
He ordered me up into the tip-top,
Oh, my head it went round like a whip-top,
It was murder to Larry O'Brien.
Then a sailor he ran up, and lowered down a rope,
They tied it round my body, and took and haul'd me
up,
And while they were a haulin', I kept bawlin',
And I kept up the divil's own squallin',
Of Larry, Larry!

Chorus: Blood and thunder, &c.

III.

Then the Captain gave orders for the fightin',
But it was a thing I never took delight in,
And I'll think you'll say I was right in,
Securing poor Larry O'Brien.
The power and balls, and they all flew so hot,
I felt for all the world, like a pratie in a pot,
And what with their rumbling, and their grumblin',
I wish to St. Patrick, I was home in Dublin,
Oh, Larry, Larry!

Chorus: Blood and thunder, &c.

IV.

Then while the hubaboo was makin',
I was down in the hould shiverin' and shakin',
When I heard the French ship was takin',
Up pops Larry O'Brien.
The first thing I saw, was a man lyin' dead,
Says I, you spalpeen, you'd better go to bed,
And what with their hootin', and their shootin',
The Captain me was all the time bootin',
Oh, Larry, Larry.

Chorus: Blood and thunder, &c.

V.

Then the Captain gave orders for the sailin',
But the ship's sides fast wanted nailin',
And what with their pumpin' and balin',
It was labor to Lgrry O'Brien.
Then they run her on the blocks, in the great big
docks,
She looked for all the world, like the divil on the
stocks,
And what with their oakum, and their kokum,
I wish to Moses it had choked 'em,
Oh, Larry, Larry.

Chorus: Blood and thunder, &c.

VI.

But it's now that I'm rid of the sailors,
Likewise the pumpers and bailers,
I think I will go to the tailors,
And rig out poor Larence O'Brien.
Then I'll march up and down, like a swell upon the
town,
I'll marry some nice girl, with a thousand pounds,
And I'll adore her, and I'll implore her,
And I'll go down on my knees before her,
Oh, Larry, Larry.

Chorus: Blood and thunder, &c.

Flaming O'Flanigans.

Revised and arranged by FRED. SHAW.

I.

My father is dead, I've come in for the property,
Divil a ha'porth I care about fun,
'Tis myself will put all the girls in jeopardy,
Just for to prove, I'm my daddy's son.
Ohone, Miss Malone, I'll teach you civility,
Judy O'Doole, escape if you can,

I'm the boy will show you the sweets of gentility,
Drinking the whiskey, and fearing no man.

Chorus: Hoorah! Whack!

For that was the way with the Flaming O'-
Flanagans,

They were the terrible boys of the name,
For kissing, and courting, and filling the
can agin',

They were the boys for to keep up the
game.

II.

The tazing, the cursing, the shouting, the shooting,
The clattering of glasses, the beating of skulls,
The dancing would be upon the best footing,
Wid Irish Miss Murphys', and English Miss Bulls;
The nate little party, so jovial and hearty,
The loves and the whiskey, and the divil knows
what,

And the dances we whack'd black and blue like the
divil,

And the spalpeen we floored, at the very first shot.

Chorus: Hoorah, whack, &c.

III.

O'Brien he went, through the world without lying,
And he bate the Danes, and nine score of them,
And faix after that, the Danes bate O'Brien,
And then he died victorious, after again bating
them;

Ever since that, they've been divils for fighting,
On sea-land or dry land, to them all the same,
If blood was spilt, you see them delighting,
In fighting the foe, or dying quite game.

Chorus: Hoorah, whack, &c.

IV.

Do you see how I'm laughed at, by the vagabones,
Shouting and screaming, twice as loud as they can,
Paddy Flynn, I'll go bail, I give you a sore bag o'
bones,

If you'd only come here, and turn out like a man.
Do ye's think I'll stop here, 'til morning diverting
ye's,
While my nate jug of punch is cooling outside,
Good-night boys—you know I'm sorry from parting
ye's,
But the love of the whiskey, was always my pride.

Chorus: Hooray, whack, &c.

Do fetch back my Gin.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,
in the Character of "Bill Styles," in the
Drama of "HOT CORN."

AIR. Prima Donna Waltz.

I.

Oh, do fetch back my gin,
Now, do fetch back my gin,
Oh, Molly dear, my own lov'd girl,
Now, do fetch back my gin.
Take my hat, my boots, my coat,
Or all the things on which I dote,
But do not commit, such an awful sin,
As to take away a poor cove's gin.
Then do fetch back my gin,
Oh, do fetch back my gin,
Now Molly dear, my own lov'd girl,
Now, do bring back my gin.

II.

Come, don't you drink my gin,
Come, don't you drink my gin,
Oh, Molly dear, my own lov'd girl,
Come, don't you drink my gin.
You say that drinking is a "bore,"
Yet you take your "nips" behind the door,

And in spite of the Maine Liquor Law,
Roll good and tight about the floor.
Then don't you steal my gin,
Oh, don't you steal my gin,
You can bet your tin, I'll whip you like sin,
If you dare touch my gin.

Widow Machree.

Written for, and sung by FRED. SHAW,
Comic Vocalist.

I.

Widow Machree, pray then open your door,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
And show me the easiest plank on your floor,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.
Ye have nothing to fear,
I tell you my dear,
Not a sound can ye hear,
In sleeping—coming from me,
Barrin', that I should creep,
Or walk in my sleep,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

II.

Widow Machree, for the third and last time,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
Will you listen to reason, that reason wid rhyme,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Just think of the time,
When you'd get past your prime,
Would you think it a crime,
That you cheated mankind;
Then you'd better take me,
While still I am free,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.

III.

Darlin' Widow Machree, will you fully explain,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
For the good of your conscience, and soul what I
mean,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.
Didn't old Adam loan,
From his rib a back-bone,
To manufacture, Och hone,
For posterity;
The first female man,
Deny that if you can,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.

IV.

Widow Machree, pay your debts, fie for shame,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
As you owe man a rib, I lay claim to that same,
Och, hone! Widow Machree.
And by paying that debt,
You'll draw interest yet,
And an armful you'll get,
Of the same property;
Shall be yours while life bides,
And a great deal besides,
Och, hone! Widow Machree!

The Newsboy.

As sung by FRED. SHAW, with kind permission of

JOHN WINAN, Esq.

AIR. Mariner's Song.

I.

Oh, I'se a newsboy, saucy and gay,
Spending my money freely,
The banks may burst, that's nothing to me,
My coppers I handle gaily.

Wet or cold, I'm saucy and bold,
Singing and trudging as I run,
Here's the 'Herald,' 'Tribune,' and the 'Sun.'

Chorus: For I'm a newsboy, saucy and free,
Spending my money free,
The banks may burst, that's nothing to me,
My coppers I handle them gaily.

II.

What is any other man,
He's no better nor me,
He makes money whenever he can,
And that's the way with me.
Ax my eye, if you ain't is the cry,
See the saucy youngster run,
What sells the 'Herald,' 'Tribune,' and the 'Sun.'

Chorus: For I'm a newsboy, &c.

III.

Oh, when my pockets are full of cash,
Don't they jingle and ring,
At the theatres I cut a dash,
To hear Fred. Shaw sing.
I makes my money easy, I does love my lush,
I spend my cash quite freely, and I goes it with a
rush:—

First Boy. [Spoken.] I say, Bill; did you ever hear me spout?

Second Boy. No; can you spout? why, how do you do it?

First Boy. Why, like they spout Trag-e-dy, on top of the stage. NED. FORREST's the boy, he can make Rome howl. Now you just hold my papers, and I'll give you a bit of it; don't drop 'em in the mud, for if you do, I'll lam yer!—

“Come on? From the East, to the West,
The North, and the South,—Shall the
Loud cry of 'Liberty' be heard

Till the land ye have stolen from us
Ring in your ears with "—

Chorus : For I'm a newsboy, &c,

A Chapter of Little Things.

A Comic Song : Composed and sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Yankee Doodle.

I.

As little things are all the rage,
To please this little throng,
And as I'm on this little stage,
I'll sing a little song ;
Oh, oft'times a little trouble,
Often little sorrow brings,
I'll give you a few little lines,
On little funny things.

II.

The little women of the day,
Their little figures dash on,
They wear those funny, little hoops,
To be in the little fashion ;
And as they cross the little streets,
They look like little pegs,
And when they raise their little skirts,
They show their little legs.

III.

There was a very little maid,
Looked like a little dove,
This little maid felt very queer,
She felt a little love ;
There was a very little man,
Said he felt a little smart,

He told this pretty little maid,
That she had stole his little heart

IV.

And now this very little maid,
So says my little song,
She believed this little man,
And she done a little wrong;
Now this pretty little maid,
She grew a little wavy,
And so, after a little time,
Oh, she found a little baby.

V.

And now this very little man,
After the little wrong he'd done,
From this pretty little maid,
This little man, he run;
Oh, he would not a little pay,
To buy little baby frocks,
They sent him to the little island,
To crack the little rocks.

VI.

Now all you little men,
Who love the little ladies,
Oh, just think on my little song,
And the little babies.
Now list to this little moral,
Let the little ladies be,
For unless babies you will nurse,
Why cracking stones you'll be.

Dublin Bay.

An Irish Sentimental Song, sung by FRED. SHAW,

Comic Vocalist.

Presented by WILLIAM BRADFORD, Esq.

I.

They sailed away in a gallant barque,
Roy Neil and his fair young bride,
They had ventured all in that bounding oak,
That danced o'er the silvery tide :
But his heart was young, and his spirits light,
And he dashed the tears away,
And he watched the shores, rece'd from sight,
Of his own sweet "Dublin Bay."

II.

Three days they sailed, when a storm arose,
And the lightnings swept the deep,
And the thunder's crash, broke the soft repose,
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep ;
Roy Neil, he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kissed her tears away,
Oh, love ! she cried, 'twas a fatal hour,
When we left sweet "Dublin Bay."

III.

On the crowded deck of that doomed ship,
Some knelt in wild despair,
While others more calm, with a bloodless lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
She has struck, on the rocks, the sailor cried,
In the depths of their wild dismay,
The ship went down, with a fair young bride,
That sailed from "Dublin Bay."

When I was out a Voting.

A Comic Song, Composed and sung by FRED SHAW.

Comic Vocalist.

AIR. When I was out a Fishing.

I.

Of all the days that are in the year,
That causes me reflection,
Is that one day to Freemen dear,
That people call Election.
It's then I hasten to the polls,
My candidate I'm doting,
The clerk then my name enrolls,
The day that I go voting.

II.

Last Tuesday morn when I arose,
The day was very fine, sir,
I quickly put on my clothes,
At the polls to be in time sir.
And when to the polls I came at,
The crowd were loudly shouting,
Over my eyes went my hat,
The day that I went voting.

III.

I turned around to find the man,
Who had thus abused me,
When a fellow took me by the hand,
And said, sir; pray excuse me;
Said he, 'twas quite an accident,
Indeed I am not joking,
I found my pocket-book had went,
The day that I went voting.

IV.

I loudly called for the police,
For things were getting shocking,!

The crowd began for to increase,
One man said put your "cork" in.
I show'd the police my new coat,
And the pocket they had got in,
Some one said, dry up old "bloat,"
You're drunk, for you've been voting.

V.

Says I, my friend, I never drink,
Says he, do you say I lie,
Says I, you are free to think,
When I got it in the eye.
In my face I got many blows,
Which set the blood a floating,
I got a souser on the nose,
While I was out a voting.

IV.

I called for help in a crack,
For my life I was fearing,
But it seems the police have a knack,
Of quickly disappearing.
One fellow seized me by the throat,
I thought then of "garroting,"
Another took my watch and coat,
When I was out a voting.

VI.

But still in spite of all their blows,
One thing you all must note, sirs,
To the Ballott-box then I goes,
And soon put in my vote sirs.
I voted for a man that will,
Stop thieving and gorroting,
He'll give those rowdies merry fits,
When next we go a voting.

Paddy's Dream.

A Comic Song. As sung by FRED SHAW, Comic Vocalist.

AIR. Larry O'Gaff.

I.

In London one night, about hree in the morning,
In my bed wide awake, fast asleep in a dose,
In a loud fit of yawning, I fell too a laughing,
For love and good-living, disturbed my repose.
Thinks I to myself, I'll sleep a bit longer,
Alone to enjoy this beautiful scene,
With eyes wide open, I slept until morning,
When I found it all nothing, but only a dream.

[Spoken.] Och!—such a vision! There was I,
up to my elbows in illigant pastry; up to my eyes
in liquor, and over my ears in love, whispering
soft nonsense to Molly Asthore, and singing—

Fal, lah, lue! fal, lah, lue! whack fol de riddle,
Sing fal, lah, lue! fal, lah, lue! whack fal de ray,
With my sprig of Shillelagh, I'll darce to your fiddle,
To a small drop of whiskey, I'll never say nay.

II.

I dream'd while at home, courting sweet Molly,
I was eating mince pies, in a pastry cook's shop,
And with love and good liquor, I was getting so jolly,
Had you seen me, I'm sure you'd have long'd for a
drop.

Such dishes I swear, never grew in Kilkenny,
Or before touched the lips of poor Paudeen McPhain,
Arrah! troth could I dream the same, night, noon,
and morning,
I'd never go back, to Kilkenny again.

[Spoken.] Och!—such a dream! It's only de-
lusion, says Molly. It was illegant, eating and

drinking, says I. Only let me dream such delusions always, waking and sleeping, and I'll sing—
[Sings.]

Tu ru lu, philaloo, whack fol de riddle,
Sing wirishtrew, hubbaboo, whack fol de ray,
With my bit of Shillelagh, I'll dance to your fiddle,
To a drop of good whiskey, I'll never say nay.

III.

Next night to my bed, I went soon in the morning,
In hopes such another swate dream to obtain,
When zounds! you'll believe me, I dram'd that old
Wackem,
Was bringing me back to Killkenny again.
So I laid me stock still, both trembling and shaking,
My hair stiff as pitchforks, stuck out of my head.

Fred. Shaw's Medley.

Composed and arranged by FRED. SHAW, and sung
by him in his Original Drama of "**Emily**
Somerton."

AIR. Root hog or die.

I.

Oh, I have been asked to sing a little song,
To please you I will try, but I won't detain you long,
And if your attention, you'll give to my rhymes,
Ill give you—

AIR. Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now open your door,
Och, hone! Widow Machree,
And show me the softest plank on the floor,
Och, hone! Widow Machree;
Ye have nothing to fear,
I tell you my dear,

Not a sound can ye hear,
In sleep coming from——

AIR. Old Dog Tray.

Old Jasey Green was always with me,
Rum could not drive him away,
In one eye he was blind, you'll never never find,
A better friend than——

AIR. Flaming O'Flanigans.

My father is dead, I've come in for the property,
Divil a ha'porth I care about fun,
It's myself will put all the girls in jeapordy,
Just for to prove, I'm my daddy's own son.
Och, hone! Miss Malone, I'll teach you civility,
Judy O'Doole, escape if you can,
It's myself will teach you, the rights of gentility,
Drinking the whiskey and fearing——

AIR. The Sculptor.

A man there was who made them squeak,
In him there was no gammon,
He fell on board the Chesapeake,
While in contact with the Shannon;
The ship's going down, the sailors cry,
Says Lawrence, let her rip,
But stand by your guns, until you die,
But oh,——

AIR. Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead, on the counter am laid,
The ladies will all want to know,
Just lift up the lid of my coffin,
And show them——

AIR. Saileur Boy.

My wife is an old gal, only sixty years old,
She's as thick as a wash-tub, can thump and scold,
If I say a word, bang goes my chops,
She makes me——

AIR. Down in Alabama.

Ring, ring the bells ; ring, ring the bells ;
Ring, ring the bells ; ring, ring the bells ;
The Niagara has arrived 'tis said,
Now for commerce and for trade,
The Atlantic Cable it is laid,
Clear across——

AIR. Red, White and Blue.

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The pride of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee ;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands to view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When——

AIR. Larry O'Brien.

Lately returned from the ocean,
Where the blood, and thunder-balls were in motion,
For fighting, sure I never had a notion,
It would never do——

AIR. Green grows the Rushes.

For a little song I'm going to sing,
If your attention you will give,
I'll tell you that I know the way,
In these hard times how to live ;
Brokers they may go to smash,
Then sit down, mourn and rue it,
I will have my belly full,
For——

AIR. Hard Times come again no More.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and pleasures light
and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door,
We know by their looks, what their pleading looks
would say,
'Tis hard times come again no more ;
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

Hard times, hard times, come again no more ;
 Many days you have lingered, around my cabin door,
 Oh,——

Air. Nice Young Gal.

Curious sayings are all the rage,
 As in life you often know,
 From "dry up," and put in your "cork,"
 To Cully, how does it go.
 I don't care where you room,
 From Prince's Bay to Saddle Rock,
 Only let your jaw clack flow,
 And you'll hear——

Air. Hail Columbia.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
 Hail ye heroes, heaven born band,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Firm united let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty,
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and——

Air. Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
 And he wore strip'd trowsers,
 He swore he couldn't see the town,
 There was so many houses.
 Yankee Doodle keep it up,
 And with the gals be handy,
 Dance and sing, oh, that's the thing,
 And pass along the brandy.

II.

And now I've sung you all my song,
 It's merits and it's cause,
 And if you've nothing else to give,
 Why give me your applause.

[And if you don't,]

May corn-cobs twist your hair,
Cart wheels surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off,
And mortar-pestle pound you.

THE END.

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